

Anglers of Public Life Who Tell Wondrous Fish Stories

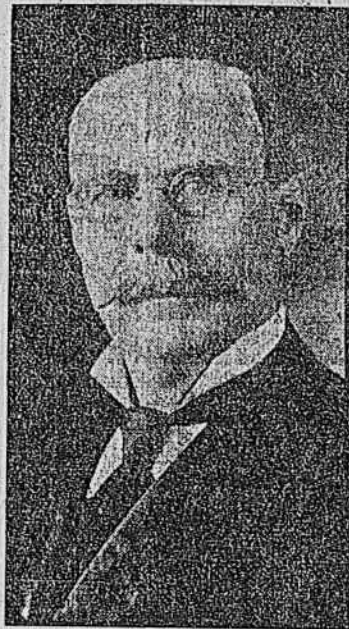
Leaders and Members of Both Houses of Congress Describe Their Proudest and Happiest Moments



TWO SENATORIAL TROUT ANGLERS.
Frye (Maine), on left, and Majority Leader Penrose.



HOUSTON, OF TENNESSEE,
a faithful disciple of Isaac Walton.



STEENERSON, OF MINNESOTA,
an adept at trout angling.



TWO FISHERMEN OF THE HOUSE.
Minority Leader Mann (on left) and Representative Esh.

BY JOHN ELPRETH WATKINS.
Washington, D. C., June 15.
In the mixed crew of our ship of state are men not a few of whom heartily agree with Isaac Walton that angling is "like virtue, a reward to itself," that "it is an art worthy the knowledge and practice of a wise man," and that "God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation."

On the House side of Congress, James R. Mann, of Illinois, is an angler with a wondrous record, as you must agree after pursuing the following account of his proudest adventure with the rod. He will let his good friend Esh tell it—Representative James J. Esh, of Wisconsin, and of Esch-Townsend railway bill fame. "As members of the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce," Mr. Esh told me yesterday, "Mr. Mann, former Representative Ryan, of Buffalo, and myself were making an inspection of the lighthouses of the Great Lakes, in August, 1908.

"In the course of our tour we investigated the Stannard Rock Lighthouse, located forty miles out in Lake Super-

ior on a submerged copper reef. We were informed that owing to the distance from the nearest shore little fishing had been done in these waters, and that as a result the lake trout fishing was good. Arriving at the Stannard Rock Lighthouse, we secured tackle consisting of trolling lines with spoon hooks and fished back and forth across the reef for a period of four hours during which time we caught a total of 754 pounds of lake trout, the largest weighing twenty-eight pounds.

"Kicked Trout and Got Bait." "When we started to fish we had no bait. The lighthouse keeper supplied us with a bit of red flannel wad. I had the good fortune of catching the first large lake trout with this bait. One of the lighthouse keepers after landing him in the boat with a gaff, kicked the fish in the stomach and it disgorged a lake herring, which it had recently swallowed. With the herring for bait our success became more pronounced, and each boat crew enjoyed the greatest of sport. The fish were taken to Marquette, Mich., and turned over to the crew of the lighthouse tender. Half of the catch was sold at

Marquette and the remainder brought back to Chicago.

"I never had such an experience in fishing before, and do not expect to ever duplicate it."

Two great angling cronies of the House side are Swager Sherley, of Kentucky, and Judge William C. Houston, of Tennessee, who, on any day that their body skips a session, may now be seen upon the upper Potomac, in patient pursuit of perch and bass.

"Cut Rods in Capitol Grounds." While ambling through the Capitol Grounds and planning one of their week-end excursions, these two members of the honorable brotherhood some time ago came upon a little grove of bamboo, which Superintendent Woods had planted upon the edge of the park from cuttings sent over from China.

Without ceremony the two fishermen fell to and each cut for himself a straight and light a ten-foot rod as ever was wielded by a Waltonian disciple, and, thus armed, proceeded next day up the river.

"I agree with Henshall that the small-mouth black bass is, 'inch for

inch and pound for pound, the gamiest fish that swims.' Representative Sherley told me the other day. He belongs to the Kamp Kaintuck, which includes the elect among Louisville's fishermen, and he owns a cabin up on the prolific bass waters of Magnetawan, Ontario. A favorite fishing anecdote of the other member of this congenial pair—Representative Houston—has to do with a certain judge in Tennessee, and as it is told at that jurist's expense, Mr. Houston—with the true Southern sense of honor—will not mention that gentleman's name.

"Hung Fish to His Shirt." On day he and the judge had traveled some fifteen miles in a futile search of trout, when there met their gaze a beautiful stream, which gave good promise for the "sport of kings." The right place could not be reached, however, without considerable deep wading, and as the judge was not equipped with high boots, he stripped himself of all apparel save his upper garment, and thus arrayed he sallied forth with rod and reel.

Wading off to some distance from Mr. Houston, he soon struck a hole



REPRESENTATIVE HUMPHREY (WASHINGTON).

filled with the species of his choice, but after having landed the first fish he awoke to the terrible realization that he had neglected to bring his basket. The only receptacle he had with him was his little minnow bucket. Here he was in midstream with a wondrous fish. He could not lay it down. He would not throw it back into the water. Yet as long as he held it, flopping in his hands, he could not go on with the sport. So what was he to do?

Well, he happened to be a gentleman of wondrous resource, and taking up his garment, he tore the lower edge so that there extended a short ribbon of fabric, which he tied through the gills of the trout, which dangled against his bare knee. And soon after he had cast again he had another strike and landed his fish, which was similarly tied against the opposite knee.

The judge had struck a Paradise. He hauled in trout after trout, all strung into the same ingenious fashion, until his simple garment was adorned by a varicolored, vibrating plume.

Mistaken for a Merman. Small wonder, then, that Mr. Houston suddenly rounding a curve and coming upon the absorbed jurist, from the rear, thought he had penetrated into the lair of some merman of old, for the piscatorial overskirt, with ends now dipping below the water's surface, suggested that its wearer was adorned with a great undulating scaly tail, upon which he was balancing himself while playing his rod. Indeed, had the Congressman been a gentleman of bibulous habit, he would have had reason to distrust his eyes.

But the best part of the joke he had on the judge was this: That zealous angler had been so absorbed with the sport that he was unmindful of the fact that the fish fanned his bare legs whenever they flapped. On his way home he believed he had pricked his feet, and that night he was sure that jiggers had bored into his skin, and the next morning he sent for the doctor.

The House has no better fishermen than Halverson, of Minnesota. "My angling began," he tells me, "when I was a small lad, just able to walk, and when I followed an elder brother along a little tributary stream in Southeastern Minnesota. Yes, the happiest days of my life have been spent in that pastime."

"Fly fishing for mountain or brook trout is, to my notion, the best and healthiest sport, offering sufficient and varied exercise, as well as never flagging interest. "Some of the best trout fishing in the world is to be had on the streams flowing into both the north and south shore of Lake Superior, and one of my favorite angling haunts has been Flathead River, near Lake McDonald, in Montana—now included in Glacier Park. "In the Flathead I have caught with a four and one-half-ounce rod and automatic reel, four-pound trout that were as gamy fish and that afforded as much sport as any I ever hooked. "My record on some of my fishing trips has been good. I won't deny, but owing to the proverbial skepticism prevalent I do not care to go into details. Besides, my wife was with me on most of these excursions, and as she saw and counted the fish, she might not

now agree with me as to their size and number."

But why such qualms? As Grover Cleveland once put it:

"Any story of personal experience told by a fisherman is to the fishing apprehension indubitably true."

In less awe of the "proverbial skepticism," I found William E. Humphrey, Representative from that angling paradise, the sovereign State of Washington.

So Good that 'Twas Bad. "In the Far West," he confided, "I have had several experiences when the fishing was so good that it was bad. In this respect I believe I have had a few advantages that cannot be surpassed, and the truth in these cases is more strange even than fish fiction."

"Some years ago my brother and I were on an island in Southeastern Alaska. One day we started from the beach and followed up a little river into the dense forests for about a mile and a half, when we came to a beautiful cascade, with two perpendicular falls, the first about three feet high. Then the water ran across a flat shelf about eight feet wide, and dropped about fifteen feet. In the pool were high perpendicular walls. This pool was probably twenty feet wide and fifty feet long, ten feet deep and as clear as distilled snow. The water did not cover all of the rock where it ran over the falls, but left on the west side a space where we could sit on the first shelf with our feet on the second. Here we took our position, and right at our feet on the second shelf was a little basin as round as a washtub, about the same size and depth and about half filled with water—a receptacle ready for the fish we were to catch. It was a beautiful day, and the pool as well as the falls were completely shaded from overhanging by giant evergreen forest trees. And the bed of the river from the set up to this point, as well as for a long distance beyond the falls and the canyon walls, also the great basin that formed the pool, were all of solid white marble. In the pool were several thousand beautiful spotted Dolly Varden trout, as plainly visible as if they were on exhibition in an aquarium. Indeed, Nature had here given to the fishermen a spot so ideal that even the imagination could not add to it."

"When a hook was dropped into the pool it was a struggle of the multitude as to which one would get it first. As we landed them we took them from the hook and put them into the little pool at our feet. Soon we had all we cared for and more than we needed, so we selected twenty-four and put the rest back in the water. These twenty-four we took to a nearby cannery, and after they were canned they weighed just forty-eight pounds, which proves that these trout must have averaged about three pounds each."

Fifty Trout in Ten Minutes. "At another time, when I was hunting big game in the famed Cassiar country, British Columbia, I saw about 500 cut-throat trout in a little slough in a mountain meadow, in a hole not more than ten feet wide and twenty feet long and from eighteen to twenty-four inches deep. I had a fishing pole with me and some flies, but the pack

ropes had broken every joint of the rod. I tried to fix it as the I could make a cast, but failed. However, when the flies dropped on the water it appeared that every trout in the hole started for them, so I took my twenty-two rifle, shot one of the trout and had my Indian guide get it out. I cut a piece from it, and using this for bait, with a hook and short piece of line on a stick, I caught, in about ten minutes, fifty of these trout—all that we needed for camp use.

"In the northwest corner of Washington, near the Idaho line, surrounded by high mountains that rise almost from the water's edge, is a little lake about a mile and a half wide and four miles long that is one of the most beautiful in this country, and at certain seasons, considering the scenery and the climate, furnishes the finest fishing in North America. Here the fishing at the proper season is done only with the fly. As soon as the shadow of the high mountains on the west begins to creep across the water the trout come out near this shore in certain places to feed. These spots are usually located by the white sandy bottom, against which in that clear water you can see every movement of the fish as it floats in the air.

As you make a cast from one of these spots you will see from one to half a dozen beautiful cut-throat trout dart for your fly, and an expert can easily catch here an average of one trout per minute. The fishing is done from a rowboat, and by casting toward the shore. The plan that my companion and I followed was that one would handle the boat while the other fished, exchanging places when the man fishing had caught ten.

Remember that my companion, a delightful and mild-mannered man, one time used most astonishing language in denouncing his luck when his first three casts landed six fish, because this brought him again so quickly to the top. All the trout we caught were nearly the same size, about a pound and a half. One of the largest ones we caught made a strike for the fly missed it, and following when the fly struck on the boat a few inches above the water, heaped out to catch it, and was landed."

How Frye Proved It. The two great anglers of the Senate are the majority leader, Penrose, of Pennsylvania, and Frye, of Maine, the new "father of the upper house." Senator Penrose in vacation time goes as far West as the Yellowstone in search of trout, while Senator Frye for two months each year seeks the same royal sport in his Maine camp upon the Rangely lakes.

If there was one achievement of his life of which Mr. Frye has been inclined to boast it was that of having caught what at the time was the largest square-tailed trout ever taken with a fly. Some time after the dinner attended by a body of distinguished men, the Maine Senator uttered the boast, only to be challenged by no less an authority than Professor Agassiz, who with great emphasis pronounced it to be a scientific fact that no trout ever attained the weight claimed—seven pounds.

The following season Mr. Frye was fortunate enough to break his own record by a whole pound, and it was with great satisfaction that he packed the eight-pound square-tail in ice and shipped it with due haste to the great naturalist, who acknowledged his defeat in the following laconic line:

"The theory of a lifetime kicked to death by a fact!"

Among our men in public life there is no greater fisherman than Gifford Pinchot, one of whose feats was lately lauded by the well known angler, author and authorizer of the same fishes, Charles Frederick Holder, as "the pluckiest and most sensational angling experience I had ever seen or heard of."

Pinchot has caught twenty-pound trout in Klamath lake with a fly and five-ounce rod; has shot orca, gladiators of the Pacific coast; has taken tarpon, tuna, and all the big game fish that swim our waters, but the feat to which Mr. Holder testifies was performed not long ago off San Clemente, Cal., upon a day in which the 80-pound swordfish fell victims of his prowess.

The first of these monsters he caught in the morning, but it was his landing of the second after dark that made him the particular object of the critical Holder's admiration.

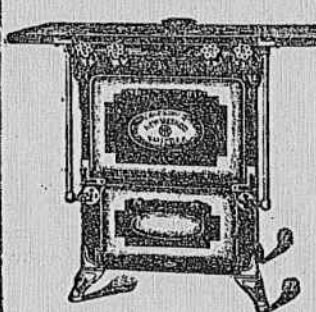
Night Battle With Monster. Some time after 4 in the afternoon word came to Holder's camp that Pinchot was fast to something three miles off shore, and the angler-author, putting out his launch, found the former forester in a little swift whizzing stern craft through a rising sea toward a point of land. A twenty-four-strand line, attached to a small motor launch, of the submarine realm, was towing the little craft so fast that its stern was held down dangerously near to the surface, but on Pinchot's call, with no other crew than a twelve-year-old boy at the oars.

For five miles to seaward they went in the mad race, until the sun set, the darkness fell and the moon rose, but still Pinchot held on like grim death, bringing the monster fifteen times alongside his boat, only to see it make off when he would skillfully play out his 500 feet of line again and patiently pump away with the hope of luring out the great fish.

Everyone in Richmond Appreciates the Money-Saving Opportunities at Pettit's Pre-Inventory Sale of Furniture, Carpets, Mattings and Rugs

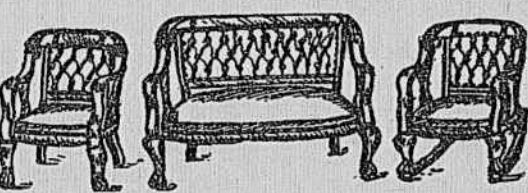
Buyers flocked to this store by hundreds last week, and the bargains were eagerly snapped up. We're prepared some bigger and better values for the thrifty buyers this week—if you're wise you'll take advantage of them now. Your credit is as good as ready cash for whatever you want, and we'll make the fairest, squarest terms of payment to suit your convenience! Come in and select what you want at "The Store That Saves You Money."

New Method Gas Ranges



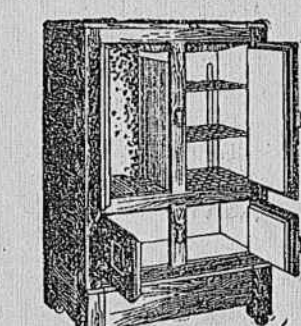
Are the choice of all wise housekeepers because they save one-quarter of the gas bills. Won't heat up the house in hot weather. Safe, easy and economical to operate. Bakes, broils, toasts or fries without scorching. Possesses more and better improvements than others. Good reasons why you should buy. Come in, see them demonstrated and learn why.

Three and Five-Piece PARLOR SUITS



In a wide assortment of beautifully finished woods and coverings. Nowhere else can you find such an array of exquisite, distinctive designs, perfect masterpieces of the furniture makers' art! To see them is to want them—they're yours during this sale at prices so exceptionally low 'twill pay you to buy NOW, even though you do not need them 'till fall!

Gibson Refrigerators

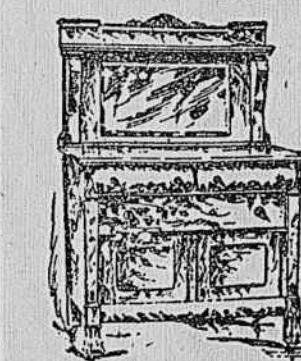


Are Ice Savers, Food Savers and Money Savers. Double lining of mineral wool and charcoal insures perfect insulation. Constant circulation of cold, dry air through food chambers and cleanable interior insures perfect sanitation.

If you want the most satisfactory Refrigerator on the market, buy the Gibson!

We carry a complete line at prices from \$5.95 upward.

Sideboards and Buffets



\$14.75 Buys a \$22.00 Solid Oak Buffet. Large size French bevel-plate mirror; handsomely finished and guaranteed in construction.

Our assortment of Matched Dining-Room Sets and Odd Pieces is the most complete in the city. Every taste and every purse is catered to. Furniture that meets the most exacting requirements in oak, mahogany and early mission finishes at the stupendous savings this sale affords.

Dressers

\$22.50 Buys this \$35 Solid Quarter Sawn Oak Dresser. Highly polished, full swell front; large size French bevel-plate mirror. A value you can't duplicate elsewhere at anywhere near this sale price.



New Perfection Oil Stoves

Save time, labor and fuel. Makes an ideal cooker for hot weather. No wood to cut; no coal to carry; no ashes; no soot. With or without oven. Safe and convenient, and covered by an ironclad guarantee.

New Mattings

In all the very latest patterns and colorings. Chinese and Japanese Mattings in great variety. Just what you want for cool, comfortable summer floor coverings. See our line of Summer Rugs and note the low prices we're quoting on them!

Pettit and Company

FOUSHEE, BROAD STS